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TO A LADY.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Lady—I've looked on thee—
And then set over a victim of the past—
A spirit-star, whose holy light is cast
On memory's volcano-sea.

That star—it lingers there
So beautiful—beside a deep flame-hell—
Soft-smiled down from Glorgia unseen bower,
And flashing it out still.

It is—that blessed one—
The bright star of my destiny—the first
I ever could worship as the Persian cast
Worshipped his own heart-seat.

My coming years may wear
The color of the tempest—they will flow
So dark and drear—but that pure light will glow
Still beautifully there.

NORA DEANE;
OR,
THE GUERRILLAS OF MILLBROOK.

A STORY OF THE PRESENT STRUGGLE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIII.
BEHIND THE BAR-WALL.

The store of Boyville was nearly opposite the blacksmith's shop. It was a long, low, one-story building, and served the citizens as a place for concerts, caucuses, and social and political gatherings of all sorts. Upon one side ran a counter, and upon the other, piled half way to the wall, were boxes, barrels, casks, and bags. At one end, and running at a right angle from the longer counter, was a short counter, or bar, behind which were half a dozen pipes, and half a dozen kegs, and half a dozen decanters, and half a dozen tumblers, one sugar-bowl, one tobacco-stick, and three spoons. The Maine Law had not reached Boyville.

The man who kept the store was named Hugh Piper. He was a native of Connecticut, and had been a Yankee peddler enough in his younger days to have seen the elephant. He was about forty years of age, stout and strong in body, ruddy of face, and sharp gray eyes; a long, emphatic nose, upon the end of which the bright color of the face culminated in a perfect glow; and his mouth was wide and energetic, as though his lungs were used upon springs of steel. This man stood with Mr. Nelson the political and social rule in Boyville. The storekeeper possessed the most intellect, but the storekeeper possessed the key to the spirit. As for shrewdness, there was not much to choose between them; though Mr. Nelson was shrewd enough never to set himself against the influence of Hugh Piper's "Old Rye."

It was early in the morning—the sun was just bursting the bonds of night—when the male adults of Boyville were all assembled in the store. Some of them had taken a drop of whiskey to open their eyes, and some had not. Piper himself had taken several drops, and had also offered it to others. He said he did not like to be "wouldn't like a "little sunthin'n."

"We, sir," replied the stalwart smith.

"A little sunfire 'll do ye good," said Piper.

"Not a drop this morning!" protested Hugh. "I want a steady head and a cool head for the work that's afore us now. I'll take a bite drink as much as you please—you're used to it."

"But there's courage in a glass of good whiskey," suggested the storekeeper, who had not all his character to a couple of thirsty cues.

"I deny that," replied Hugh; "an' let them as feels that they haint got courage enough at this time look out o' our border. As for Ben Gordon, I hope to God he don't need whiskey to make him maintain the right. Your sustand, gentlemen,—I don't mean no offence to nobody!"

"Right as a hook every time!" cried a stout old laborer.

And others echoed the sentiment.

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Nelson, "we must come to business and organize. In the first place, we must have a leader—a captain, or our president here, and our chief in the field."

"Bully!" responded Ben Gordon. "Harry Marshall's the man."

Harry would have suggested Allan Deane; but the old man would not listen to the proposition. The vote was unanimous in his favor, and he could not refuse. He stepped upon a box, and informed his friends that he would accept the trust, and serve them to the best of his ability. They gave him a cheering response, and he settled down for business.

Harry's first step was to state the facts as they existed, and the circumstances that were liable to consume during the day.

"We shall be attacked by fifty men, at least," he said; "and perhaps more. They may be here by noon, and it is not impossible that they may be here before. In my present plan we are even now at Millbrook, just come from an expedition of plunder, and will only stop there long enough to rest and refresh themselves. We must meet them. We have decided that we will meet them. Now, what are our numbers? How many have we here? Will you fall into rank?"

Ben Gordon took his position on the right, and Hugh Piper brought up the centre left. There were twenty-four men of Boyville, and Harry and Allan Deane made twenty-six. They were just settling back for further consultation when Mark Warner arrived at the head of twenty-one men.

"Here we come!" exclaimed the old trapper, as he died his followers into the store. "Here's twenty-two on us, of ye count no one, all good men as true. But, ye see, we haint all got arms. Now what ye goin' to do? We must find outen'n."

"Hold on!" cried Hugh Piper, leaping upon a sugar-box. "I've got a secret for ye. My store's a regular military dépot. Afore the Federal augers went off there was sunthin o' this kind looked out for; an' the major left a lot o' arms an' sunthin, besides what he took."

"Am right, boys!" cried Ben Gordon. "Hugh Piper's the man for a military dépot. Let's have the arms!"

"Of course I haint done wrong in tellin' on it," replied Piper.

"Not a bit, old fellar. So now go down an' bring 'em up."

This was something which Harry had known nothing about; and the information gave him all the assurance he could desire. The military commander who had left only a short time previously, had placed in the hands of the citizens men of Boyville fifty good muskets, with plenty of ammunition; and these were soon brought up from the secret nook where Hugh Piper had stowed them. The result was, that very shortly every man was effectively armed; and the possession of the same gave courage and confidence. Of the men whom Mark had brought some were known to him himself, and they chose to go into action with their own rifles.

The pieces were all loaded, the men carefully numbered, so that they could fall into position without confusion; and then Harry made a few words of encouragement. He could not fix the plan of battle, for he knew not how or when they were to be attacked. He could only give them a few general rules, and urge them to be prepared for the worst.

"But," said he, in conclusion, "I have no fears of defeat. If I had I would not ask you to go with me. If we stand together, like a solid, true men, we shall not be overcome."

He was still speaking when a horse came galloping into the village, and one or two of the citizens went out to see who had come. It was a man who, when he saw the assembly at the door of the store, came directly that way; and having got down from the saddle, he entered the store. He was a middle-aged man, covered with dust, and a stranger.

"Hold on," cried Ben Gordon, as several of the citizens seemed inclined to prevent the men from coming into the store. "If he's a spy, we kin hold on to him say enough; an' if he's a friend, so much the better."

"Ben is right," said Harry. "Admit him."

The new-comer, when he saw those among whom he had come, and with glittering steel, trembled violently, and hesitated.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"We are Union Men!" answered Harry, with bold, proud emphasis.

"Are you—certainly!" asked the stranger, ceasing.

"You. And now tell us, who are you?"

"I belonged to a party that came from New York," replied the visitor. "There were twenty of us, all told—men, women, and children—and we had six wagons, with horses, and oxen, and sheep, and all our furniture and tools. Last night we were attacked by a band of guerrillas. The wagons and children were taken prisoners, and all the men killed except myself. I escaped because I had a good horse. Those who escaped fled behind us, forgot their oxen, and they must have been captured."

"At what time were you attacked?" asked Harry.

"Before ten o'clock. We were making a short stop at Millbrook."

"And you say the guerrillas showed no mercy?"

"Not to the men. They were on horses, and caused abolitionists, and shooting was too good for us. They hung my companions upon the trees! O, my God! it is terrible! I could not help my poor mates. There were more than forty of the bloodhounds—perhaps more than fifty—and I could only flee. I tried to flee so as to warn the train that was in our rear; but I could not do it, for the murderers had already started off a part of their band in that direction."

"Then of course the other train must have shared the same fate," said Mr. Nelson.

"It must be so."

"Did you leave a wife in the hands of the monsters?"

THE GUERRILLAS ARRIVED.

"No, sir. I have no wife. But I have my child; but I had a wife, and she died. She was a Union woman, and—"

"Enough!" cried Harry, with a shudder. "Spare us the rest. Your child is safe, for I have children of my own. Now, gentlemen, we have work before us. Let us be ready for it. Mount your horses, and ride down to the bridge. Let the guerrillas come from the east first before you attack them. Let them get well into the village. Then charge upon them, and fight like men. Remember that you are fighting for your homes and your children. Remember that you are fighting for your country. Remember that you are fighting for God and Liberty. Now, mount!"

Harry had divided his company into two parts, and he knew that he was only as he directed. Into the first platoon he put the men who had brought their own rifles, and who were pretty sure of their mark at a long range.

"My men," he said, as the guerrillas began to come into view, "we must not suffer the enemy to double us. We know that these villains are thirsting for our blood. We know that they are enemies to God, to our Country, and to humanity. Let us show them that we become them, that we are to die, and that our lives are very dear to us. Remember, those who thought give steadiness to your nerves, and keep a firm grip upon your hearts—and, if you fire, fire from the right, and count off your fire from the left, and then your guns will be ready for the first platoon."

The guerrillas were now not quite two hundred yards distant, and were coming in sections of four, with their flanks protected.

"Hi!" spoke Mark Warner, bent enough to see the foe. "Them fellers are more'n we kin do ye waste yer bullets on Yew Yander. He's my meat."

The voices of the rebels grew more and more distinct, and the sound of their horses' hoofs and steps fell upon the ear. Harry looked around him a last time, and then, with his sword waved a nod at old Piper's whisky bottle. Another moment and the foe came in a violent gaze in his house. "Yew on 'em!" broke in Mark's "Help ye God!" and the bombardment was in Missouri!

Harry heard these words, and the ominous bend them; and he felt that the moment had come.

"Fire!"

Seven-and-twenty men, even to their brows, and rested their rifles upon the sills. Mark Warner was in the rear, upon his feet, with his rifle supported by a chair-back, and ready to crack upon the air—then another—and another—and then the whole platoon at once, following the flashes of thought,—for each man took aim and fired as he thought—and seventy shots had sped down the hill. Mark Warner had fired but one. Ben Gordon was the first rebel to bite the dust. Twelve saddles were emptied instantly, and twelve horses were carried riderless to trouble them in the rear.

The action was but a few moments in living so that the forms on the hill-side were visible, and the second platoon had not time to get down to fire. The guerrillas, shocked to a halt by the first discharge, had just started up the hill again, when the second volley was poured upon them, and another dozen bit the dust. The first platoon, with breech-loaders, were now ready for their second fire, and they were as fast as they could see marks to fire at. The flames of the enlightened smoke rolling by, and the scenes and shrieks of the wounded and dying, were enough to appall any heart to the scene; but there was no time to wait for developments. Allan Deane taught Harry even that.

"Not one of these rebels must enter the town!"

Only two understood the plot, and he acted upon it. He gave order for those who had loaded to fire them instantly; and then to charge for the charge! He was himself the first to

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1863, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

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CHAPTER XIV.
AN UNPUT CHAMBER.

Harry sought Mark Warner's side, as soon as his men were quiet after the conseik of the old clergyman.

"Mark," said he, "you saw the guerrillas?"

"Darlin, I did."

"Did you see my brother with them?"

"No."

"If he had been with them should you have discovered him?"

"I don't see how I could 'a helped it. I covered 'em all over, an' I know'd Christopher wasn't thar. Tom Sander look 'em."

"O, I hope it is so."

"You may depend upon't, Master Harry," declared Mark, when he saw how anxious his leader was upon that point. "Yer brother isn't thar. He's had enough to be anywher; but I know he shot in that yer gang."

"He is bad enough, I really believe," re-joined Harry, "but I would not have a gun-shot with him if it can be avoided."

"Well, ye won't see him, sir, but ye owe it till he is a cookin' at all, be is either behind the rock, or else he's took some other road."

At that time the significance of these last words was unknown to Harry Marshall. In fact, he had no time to think of them, for before he had time to speak Mark Warner was upon his own company from the west.

"Darby, form front, at right!" commanded Harry. "Don't grasp your rifles too tightly,—you'll kill your horses. Keep your seats, my brave boys, and keep cool. It's time enough to get excited when the enemy is routed."

Through the crevices in the wall the men could see the foe coming down the hill in the wood. Blue faces came a score of horsemen, at an easy walk, and then a score more of men on foot, and following these came a dozen more mounted. As the head of the hill the troop stopped for consultation; and the voice of Tom Sander was heard in command. Then the troop dove the forward movement. "Now, my boys," cried Harry, "ride down to the bridge, and be ready to charge!" Then he turned to the lieutenants for the Yankee Soldiers of Millbrook, and gave them a few words of encouragement and general advice. "Now, my brave boys," he cried, "ride down to the bridge, and be ready to charge!" Then he turned to the lieutenants for the Yankee Soldiers of Millbrook, and gave them a few words of encouragement and general advice. "Now, my brave boys," he cried, "ride down to the bridge, and be ready to charge!"

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step the wall into the road: but his companions were not far behind him. As he dashed down the hill Mark Winter was upon his right hand, and Allan Deane upon his left, while others behind him came the full company, sweeping down in terrible ranks, the bright bayonets flashing and flashing in the sunlight.

The guerrillas were in trouble. More than a score of saddles had been emptied, and the few who attacked their ranks were apparently endowed, to only stand as if rooted to the ground on foot. One powerful fellow, with a cutlass in one hand and a pistol in the other, was ready to head a charge up the hill; and he had just got the men in position for that purpose when the Union force was discovered coming down upon them.

"Fire! Fire!" shouted this new rebel leader. Some twenty rifles were discharged; but the guerrillas had not recovered from their surprise, and most of their bullets flew over the heads of the descending force. One man—a youth who rushed with Ben Gordon at the forge—fell, shot through the head, and two more were wounded.

"Make way there!" shouted a stentorian voice. "I claim the first blow!"

And Ben Gordon, with his native bayonet borne aloft, dashed past his leader, and with a few bounds was up with the rebel chieftain.

"This for poor Jack!" he uttered, as he thrust his keen blade forward. His foe came like a thunder-bolt; his blow was delivered with all his energy; and, scarcely could aid turn it away. The stalwart rebel fell, taking with him in his fall the blade of Gordon's bayonet, broken from its stock, and fixed in the bosom.

The guerrillas could not withstand the shock of the charge, which was made with such a bayonet upon them, with bayonets newly polished, and with a few pistol shots, and then they broke and fled. Those upon horse-back succeeded in getting away; but those upon foot were in a fight place. If they kept on they would be sure to be shot down, for their pursuers were not to be denied; so they turned and threw down their arms, and cried for quarter. There were sixteen of them, and when they had been secured, and placed under guard, their number was found to exceed the field of battle. It was, for that usually quiet place, a terrible scene. Twenty-two of the rebels had been killed outright; and of all the living only three had not been more or less wounded when they could not walk. Mark Winter's arm had been fractured by a rifle-ball, and his head smashed by their marks; each had received his own, and obtained more than he gave or sent. Of the sixteen prisoners who had surrendered a few were slightly wounded, and their wounds were easily attended to. The three who had been picked up suffering from wounds received upon sisters formed of the branches of trees, and conveyed like a litter to the door. One of the prisoners stated that their whole force had consisted of fifty-two men, of whom thirty-six were killed or wounded.

Upon the Union side there had been but one man killed, out of the few wounds none were dangerous. The victory had been complete, and though the death of Jack Hartley cast a shadow over the event, yet there was ample occasion for rejoicing.

Among the prisoners was a man whom Harry recognized as the son of a poor widow who had formerly lived upon his father's estate. This man had gone upon the river, fallen into bad company, and become a bushwhacker. At first he did not look like a man entirely given up to evil. Harry requested him from his companions, as they started to move up the hill, and talked to him upon the merits of his case. He was penitent. The fellow was ashamed of his conduct, and glad enough to get off so easily. Harry and Gid urged the necessity, probably hoping that he might therefore be within the right of the Government, of being more.

"You came from Millbrook this morning?" said Harry.

"Yes, sir," answered Ashpoint.

"It was the plan of your operations to cut off Union Village, was they found?"

"I don't know, sir. In fact, I cant say. I——"

"Never mind," interposed Harry, as the fellow began to stammer. "I won't ask you to criminate yourself. I wish to question you upon another subject. You saw Christopher Marshall at Millbrook this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"He went with you upon your expedition last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did he not come with you here?"

"I don't know, sir, unless it be that he had business another way."

"Did he go another way?"

"Yes, sir."

"Which way?"

"Down the brook."

"By the road?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he go alone?"

"No, sir. He had men with him."

"Do you know what his business was?"

"No, sir,—haven't the least idea. All I know is, he sent our party ready to start under Tom Barder, and then he set off. He told Tom for he'd meet him somewhere; but where it was I didn't understand."

Perhaps," said Harry, speaking half to himself, "he has gone to the old Partridge."

"I shouldn't wonder, sir," said Ashpoint. "I heard him say something about the Parsonage."

"He thinks Mr. Deane is there, and that his family is with him."

"Very likely, sir."

They had now reached the top of the hill, and Harry moved forward to look after the wounded of his men. He had the company directly to the store, where the wounded were provided for, and where the prisoners were quartered in a close shed, with a sufficient guard to secure them.

Mark Winter was anxious to mount his man and pursue the rascal who had escaped; but Harry thought differently. He had his own reasons for not wishing to pursue further than Millbrook.

"I may want you in another direction," he said. "My brother is out somewhere, and may need looking after. I'm going to Millbrook for my own men in readiness, and keep an eye out for strangers."

Mark readily acquiesced, and promised to be ready for any orders that might come.

"Now," said our hero, addressing Mr. Deane, "as we go to the house and see how our friends are holding themselves. I am anxious to let them know of our success."

"I'm anxious about the clergyman, I my poor wife might be very much——"

"And," added Harry, "there may be others uneasy, also."

"I'm uneasy for you, my boy. I do really believe that your Mark would do if mortal here below could come to you. She is a bold, brave girl, should occasion require; but her heart is not the proper agent for such a shock like that."

Harry was grateful for these words, though he did not say so. The thought of Nora's uneasiness caused him to quicken his step, and ere long they reached the entrance-house, and Mr. Nelson was in the hall to receive them, and Mrs. Deane quickly came out from the room where she had been sitting.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of Mary Deane, "you are safe!" And she fell upon the bosom of her husband and sobbed hysterically.

"O! I thought they would kill you; but they did not—they did not, did they?"

"No, my wife; we are all safe, as you can see; and we have entirely overcome the enemy. Where is Nora?"

Mrs. Deane, gaining strength from her husband's assurance, arose and looked around.

"I think Nora must be up in her chamber," she said.

"Has she not been with you?"

"No. I guess she went up to the upper window to see what was going on, and one of the lieutenants of our friends——"

"But she must know that we have come," said Harry.

Mrs. Nelson volunteered to send a servant after the missing one. A few minutes elapsed, and the messenger came back with intelligence that Miss Nora was not up stairs.

"She may be in the garden," said Harry. There had been a painful doubt, but he put it down with Ben Gordon at the forge—fell, shot through the head, and two more were wounded.

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MY HEART IS WITH ITS EARLY LOVE.

BY FIDELE JOHNSON.

My heart is with its early love,
It cannot turn away;
Though all its memories are up one
Its on my life's strings play,
And even as the fire-scared flower,
With blooms within the night,
Its leaves all closed, its petals sped
On it to brighter light;
So hopes which once I fondly named
Within my youthful breast,
Are buried in oblivion's tomb,
In an eternal rest.

My heart is with its early love,
And calmly mourns it gone
Which lingers not to cheer its woe
Its note suspended here,
And even as the wounded deer
In loneliness would die,
So would I shut my grief-to life
From mortals prying eye,
And in the silence of the night,
When all are wrapped in sleep,
I seek her grave, to watch the stars,
And fondle of her—and weep.

My heart is with its early love,
I cannot now forget,
The halo of my hallowed joys,
Which lingers round me yet;
And even as the summer's sun,
Whose beams beyond the main
Leaves power in the golden shadows
To light up its domain,
So through the years we've spanned
There still remains a power
To cause their light to gild the clouds
Of sorrowfulness hour.

My heart is with its early love,
Its memory is dear,
When like a pulse-star to my soul
I feel joy's transient thrill;
For never can I lose sight of
The words of vows love spoken,
The hand that made a heart its home,
May leave one strong unbroken,
And God we strive not to forget,
To charm the stricken well,
May be a cloud to hide the light,
And sorrows to shield.

DETECTING A MURDERER.

BY SHERLOCK BENNETT.

The following story was related by a person who had served a number of years in the detective agent of the government.

"I was travelling through the interior of Kentucky, (said the narrator,) when, on stopping one day at the inn for a small village, I found the citizens of the place in great excitement over a strange occurrence which had just come to light. In a corn-field, about a half a mile from the village, and just off of a cross country road, a young girl, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, had been found dead and decaying, with such marks of violence upon her person as left no doubt that she had met her death with in the most revolting and fiendish manner. What made the matter more strange and wonderful, was the fact that the deceased was entirely unknown to everybody in that region. She was quite respectably dressed, although her dress when discovered was somewhat black and a good deal swollen, and her features were so disfigured as to render any one but the corpse to believe she had been murdered some days before she was found. Nothing about her dress, either, at all indicated who she was, and the most diligent search and inquiry that could be made in the village and vicinity where she was found failed to elicit the slightest information as to her identity, and from the ground beside her was picked up a small bag, or reticule, belonging to a gentlewoman. These facts seldom were all that could be discovered concerning a crime any eye by the mystery whatever, and when I state that the letters found did not date or signature, and was suddenly designed to bring about a meeting at the village, at a time when that night be, it will readily be seen how slight was the chance of procuring the identity of the deceased and detecting the assassin.

"The body of the unrecognized girl had been brought to the tavern immediately after its discovery, and at the time of my arrival, the coroner and his jury were in the act of holding an inquest, which, as might be supposed, simply resulted in a verdict of death from strangling and other violent means at the hands of some person or persons unknown.

"The mysterious affair, however, created an intense excitement throughout the place; and before night, the town authorities, assisted by liberal subscriptions on the part of several wealthy citizens, made the public offer of one thousand dollars' reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer of the unknown girl.

"This case, so unusual and mysterious—so out of the usual range of even mysterious murders—particularly interested me, and making myself known to the proper officials, and showing them my authority as a secret agent of the government, I offered my services to investigate the matter, which were cordially accepted.

"One of my first acts was to visit the spot where the murder had been committed, and as all there were my traces of more than one person having been engaged in it, and also if possible to find what course he had taken on leaving the field. Fortunately no rain had fallen for the last week or ten days, and the foot-prints of both parties were visible from the place where they had got over the fence into the corn-field, which was distant some eighty or one hundred the scene of murder. At the latter spot then had been considerable of a struggle, as could easily be traced by unmistakable marks on the soft ground, notwithstanding several days and some had been there since, including the merry carriage which was there and removed the body. One thing, however, was certain. Only two persons had walked to the place from the trail leading from the fence, as already mentioned; and as the foot-prints of one of these were clearly those of the deceased, it followed as a matter of course that the other footsteps were those of her assassin.

"I now felt the importance of examining the foot-prints of the murderer, carefully and minutely, in order to form some idea of the man himself; for that the companion of the girl was a man, was clearly proved by the pattern in her dead grave, and by other evidences of a nature that I need not name. It was the opinion at that time for gentlemen, especially in the principal cities, to have boots with high heels, except at the top, protected against wear by an iron rim on the outer edge, and the print of just such a heel were there. This fact, taken in connection with the terrors of black cloth which had been detached with the rotten, enfeebled sun that the assassin was from some large town or city, and was well and perhaps fashionably dressed. I measured the length of the foot, and, guessing him well-proportioned, this indicated a stature of about five feet, eight inches; and from the width of the foot, and indentation made in walking, I judged his weight not far from one hundred and thirty pounds. The chirography of the note demoted a hand accustomed to the pen in a commercial or business way, with a certain individual nervousness, which showed in some degree the temperament of the writer; while the portmanteau key, which was old and worn, I fancied became a man who spent a portion of his time in travelling.

"In cases of more conjecture, I have often been correctly guided by a remarkable power of intuition; answering to the instinct of the animal, but which I cannot explain or account for on any known principle. It was by this very peculiar faculty we bear upon the subject that now occupied my attention, I received impression was the murderer was about five feet, eight inches in height, of medium proportions, good figure, fashionably dressed, of pleasing manners, with a dark complexion, a keen, penetrating countenance, and a dark, restless eye. Of course this was all, or nearly all, conjecture; but such was the picture that fancy drew—such the figure that presented itself before my mind's eye.

"Next in order was to divine if possible from whence he had come and whither he had gone. It was out of the question that he could come either on foot or on a vehicle of some kind had most probably been used; and that, if not procured in the town, it must have been obtained somewhere within a few miles, (besides the ball near the fence where he had had been concealed,) and might perhaps be readily traced. As the foot-prints showed that the murderer had not crossed the fence at the point nearest his deed of crime, I found in the road the print of the hoof of a vehicle having been in waiting there, and found such to be similar to that of the one in the latter had been there, that the horse had been tied to a tree in the vicinity, and that it had come from the south and gone to the north.

"With this knowledge as to the line of direction taken by the villain after the murder, I went back to the village and made my preparations to follow him.

"I do not propose to enter into a detail of all I said and did. Let it suffice, that, a little after dark, I had reached the town of ——, and was in the one where the inquest had been held, and where there was a tavern. I put up at the inn of the principal inn of the place, and made my first inquiries of the landlord. He had seen no one traveling in a buggy or other vehicle, stopped with his within the last week or so. He was very reserved and. That his attention been drawn to that any one of them by any suspicious appearance or circumstance? He could not say that he remembered any thing of the kind. He saw many travelers, all of whom, of course, had some occupation.

"'But why do you ask?' he inquired.

"'Because I am looking after a murderer,' I replied; and I went on to tell him all about the horrible affair, adding my own conjectures and suspicions.

"The host, like the host, with a start, 'I wonder if that's what's the matter with Mr. Hall and Doggy of me, about four days ago, to go a little piece into the country. He came back to Louisville in the cars, he said, and wanted to make a short ride; and I loaned him a horse and buggy and gave him a sorrel horse, as he had a fine one. He was gone two days, and when he got back he said he had been to see a friend who was living in the country, and that he had stopped at my house because he knew it was a good place to stop. He paid me well for the horse and buggy, and I thought no more about it.'

"'Why, Frank?' cried Mrs. Early, in surprise, 'you know very well that Mr. Hall told you what he meant; but it was always a hard thing to get him to say anything of his feelings, and his wife was naturally in his eyes, and he didn't like to talk about it.'

"'Good morning! I'm a hurry?' And he started for the door. If there was doubt of his guilt he was near the end of the ball, and then he brought up from his pocket a letter, and, as I heard her coming, but did not quote. Opening the door, I met her coming out, and in behind him. She felt that there was something hard, almost cried I. 'Dear Mrs. Hall,' I read, 'I am sorry to be compelled to leave you so suddenly, but I have a touch one drop of it.'

"Mrs. Early's look of surprise and disappointment for some moments, and then going into tears—that it was almost terrible. I felt, unfortunately, she did not clearly understand the case as I did, and that I was the cause of her love on her husband's part, it was because she was being gulled up from the effects of it.

"When Mr. Early returned at dinner time, he evening the conversation, and in behind him. He

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THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

HISTORY STRANGELY REPEATING ITSELF.

BY EDMUND RUFFIN.

It will surprise the reader to have read my late article on the "Monroe Doctrine," that the English government, should willingly see the establishment of the Mexican empire by Louis Napoleon, with such apparent indifference. Another year ago, he appears from that article, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs considered it proper in the American envoy to engage in some conventional action between the two governments, for the purpose of preventing France, backed by the "Holy Alliance," from re-colonizing the Spanish-American countries in America and especially Mexico. At the real interests, which, when dictated sanely, a policy on the part of Great Britain would have consisted at the present day, but so far from taking them at the invitation and in behalf of Mexico by Imperial France, and the initiatory measures for reducing her to the condition of a French colony, England is loading on with apathy while those measures are in progress, and in the last news (as in things) yielding them some degree of cooperation. What makes this seem more extraordinary is the humiliating manner in which she and Spain have been treated by their late friend associates. Having planned the expedition against Mexico in conjunction with Spain, and having entered in a few months to disgust them with its further prosecution and to induce them to withdraw their forces, thus tearing him sole master of the land, and yet to skilfully as to give them no pretence for a quarrel. I know not where, in the annals of statecraft, anything at once so bold, adroit and successful can be found.

But the appearance of England to be the French instigation of Mexico, though at variance with her professed policy, and with the opposition now with the policy of Mr. Canning, can be explained. The confidential relations between the two governments under by the United States have existed for years. Although not known to the public, the two governments were in arranging the dismemberment of Mexico by the Independence of Texas, and could not but admit the extreme moderation of our conduct at the close of the Mexican war, I gave me no pleasure to see the enlargement of our territory in that direction. The only objection which she ought to have contemplated the extension into their vast tail-end of Spanish misrule of free institutions modelled on her own, and the substantial benefits which were sure to be in store to her from the enlargement of our commercial resources, were forgotten in her utter amazement at what she deemed the aggrandizement of a rival maritime power. The feeling has been growing upon her rapidly in the last generation, till it has wrought a radical change in her policy, and she now prefers to see Mexico pass under the imperial despotism of France, rather than that further portions of it should incur the risk of being incorporated into the American Union. It is not exactly what might have been expected of a power now professing to stand at the head of the constitutional and protestant states of Europe; it is not a policy which would have found favor with Chatham or Pitt, with Chesham, before with Fox, or even with Canning; but it does not exceed the limits of the time-changed political ethics on which governments are usually administered. Either of these statesmen would have stood alone in Europe in Sanus,—says, "would have invoked the eternal curse of God on the head of the man sooner than he would have permitted it to fall into the quiet possession of the Mexican empire, but the age of the Williams and the Chathams has passed.

There is a motley, however, much stronger than potency of the United States, which will induce Great Britain to acquiesce in the colonization of Mexico by France. That is, a willingness to see the French armies employed in difficult and expensive enterprises, and thereby rendered unfit for the present to herself. By one of those strange freaks, which occasionally occur in human affairs, and baffle the most sagacious prevision, England, after hundreds of years of the Continental powers, in a war of tremendous magnitude against revolutionary France, for near a quarter of a century, and with ascendant success, now finds the maintenance of her "natural enemy" more formidable and better organized than in the darkest days of the first Napoleon. It is true that the political system of France is, at the same time, more liable to change; but, instead of so readily find which united between him and a *pacific alliance*, as he habitually did her, she finds the interests of the most friendly terms with his neighbor and successor; that she may, at a few years' end, be as socially as war with Russia, her ally of 1854, and is now in conjunction with an old and threatening enemy, Austria, and the same power. But Bismarck, the unbridled minister, England is most content that France should have a war upon her hands, that she should be kept poor and supply her armies, and satisfy the passion of her excitable people by conquests and glory. Under the influence of this feeling, England made no opposition, and even a feeble protest, to the French occupation of Algeria. She saw that the possible benefits of the Mediterranean race there would, for a time at least, furnish full occupation for 100,000 French troops. Sixty years ago she sent armies and navies to Egypt to prevent the falling into the hands of the first Napoleon, but she showed without a struggle Cheshire X. to possess himself, on the Southern coast of the Mediterranean, of a territory as large as the British Isles. Her new views on Mexico to his successor for the same reason. She knows that, in all human probability, the war with Mexico Spain will be to him until the war with Old Spain was to his uncle; and she perceives that, even if it should not conduct him to a like catastrophe, it will cause him for no inconsiderable period a much quieter and safer neighbor.

If, therefore, England has promised to recognize the Archduke Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico, which, though unofficially stated, and likely in itself to be true, is not yet officially known, it is not to be believed that, at least, she approves of any portion of the policy. It is by no means certain that the Emperor of the French really either desires or favors the imperial project of Mexico for an Austrian prince. It is true that the convention of "Notables" in Mexico, calling under the dictation of Marshal Forey, has offered the crown to the brother of the Emperor of Austria, but it is with remainder to any other candidate, whom Louis Napoleon may select, if the archduke should have the wisdom to decline the offer. In this state of affairs, England may naturally prefer that the Austrian candidate should wield the Mexican sceptre, rather than the French prince on whom it may otherwise be conferred, if indeed the emperor himself, as is highly probable, should not think it safer for his own hands. It would unquestionably have been offered to him in the first instance by the Mexican "Notables," if he had not supposed that the other great powers of Europe, and particularly England, would take alarm at such an elevation.

And this leads me to remark upon the manner in which this astounding usurpation has been commenced and thus far consummated in Mexico. While the present Emperor of the French has at all times professed to be opposed to the continual exercise of his uncle's policy, and has even devoted a large work to an apology for one of the "Idées Napoléoniennes," those who have wished and hoped against hope that he would give to France a stable government, and to Europe a long period of tranquillity, must have earnestly desired that he would stem the torrent of military glory in which the first Napoleon were wrecked; in a word, that he would turn a deaf ear to any solicitation to vulgar ambition. It is impossible, however, not to see in his invasion of Mexico, that he is not tempt to achieve her republican institutions and establish a despotism in their place. It is also peculiarly characteristic of the first Napoleon, the close resemblance between the present Emperor of the French and his uncle's policy, and after a desolating war, to have left to his people the vitals of his uncle's power, and after a despotism, to have given to them the freedom of the press, the right of petition, and the right of suffrage. Mark the lamentable contrast of religion, corruption, and violence, worthy to be ranked with those of those ancient in Rapture. We must, as American citizens, regret that the Emperor has not seen that nothing can be disclosed, which transcends the principles of republican liberty, and that the pacific American statesmanship the conduct of the first Napoleon, which, in a word, is the moment, are seeking to purchase the recognition of the new empire by concessions and even concessions on our South Western Frontier.

But, whatever may be the policy of the Napoleons, in sending his brother to sit upon the throne of the Montezumas, it is not to be feared that the people, in whose name they find in the present degradation to the noble position of a strong, united, and independent American Republic.

[TRANS. IN CHANGE OF ENGLISH. TIMES PUBL., p. 626.

MILITARY JUSTICE—FATE OF DESERTERS

War is cruel—necessarily so. Acts of severity, which in civil life we should call ferocious, are in camps stern but just. Discipline, subordination, and, indeed, to the safety of armies, life to which the blood of youth is given, and by his comrades for the crime of desertion, the hazard he does not shrink from in behalf of his responsibilities. Men do that every day of their lives, and the feelings of humanity, or are merely restrained of their liberty for a short time, without any danger to their life. He is worth the trouble, he "boss" with your enemies the sacred duty of defending, and to be expected to receive work and fulfil the duties of the laborers. Such is the duty of the dier deserts from his regiment, and is retaken, he is tried by a court-martial, and if found guilty of the crime of desertion, he is sentenced to death. Courts the most severe hopes and sadness in the regiment to which the culprit belongs, and the sympathy should preserve the conviction of us, and say by expressions of sympathy for him.

Such was the language of the first Napoleon to his soldiers, and such is that of the present. How close the parallel with the prudences assigned for the subjugation of Mexico by the agencies employed are the same. The present Emperor of the French, like the first, like Ferdinand VII. were has brought about till a good part of the resistance has been overcome, and he placed at risk through an over-lenient indulgence. Napoleon, in the same manner, when the government is bound to check, by terrible examples, the spirit of revolt which seemed to render the mighty orders of armed men it is not by clemency that the safety of the armies is sure and untrustworthy as a rope of sand. What says Napoleon, "nothing is more difficult to find, humane conservation. Either desertion should be punished by death in all ages by their crime, or our armies must dissolve and disappear in the midst of the first reverse, and the rise of individual fear, legally forfeited, on the part of the deserter, the safety of the army, the other, the decision of the patriot, though torn by the fate of his son, he will his eyes, must be "Live the Republic!"

THE SABBATH.

The quiet and the beautiful are so refreshing to the frame and the landlord as its coming seems to overspread the world. It is a wavelike wave into which we plunge, and from which we rise as on a tide of troubles. The voyage of life is a sea of troubles, and the Sabbath is the haven where we rest. Its coming is as glad and welcome as that of the first dove to Noah in the ark. It is the olive branch of peace and love. It is the rainbow of promise to a troubled world. It is the sunlight of heaven falling on the graves of our buried hopes. It is the balm that heals the wounds which the cares of the week have made. It is the golden thread that runs through the dark woof of our worldly toil. It is the lifting of the curtain that shows us the glories of the unseen world. It is the Jacob's ladder on which we see the angels of God ascending and descending. It is the gate of pearl through which we enter the city of God. It is the Sabbath that gives to the week its beauty and its glory. It is the Sabbath that sanctifies the whole. It is the Sabbath that makes the week holy. It is the Sabbath that gives to the week its beauty and its glory. It is the Sabbath that sanctifies the whole. It is the Sabbath that makes the week holy.

THE LOMBARD KINGS AND DUKES.

[ARTICLE THIRTY-FIVE.]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

After the overthrow of the Gothic kings, by an army sent from Constantinople by Justinian, the Emperor of the East, there was a new irruption of northern barbarians, as they still were called. Seventy-five thousand Franks, in the most imposing military array, came rushing through the passes of the Rhætian Alps into the fertile fields of Milan. Relatively, battering down the cathedrals, they swept over the plains of northern Italy. These Franks were nominal Christians, the children of superstition, pretty tillless in the ceremonies, which had been transferred from the Pagan to the Christian church, but possessing little of the spirit of Christ.

Again was fruitful Italy was desolated with all those woes which war ever brings in its train. But the Franks army gradually melted away under the influence of battles, sickness and desertion. Italy was then left, an impoverished, depopulated, war-stricken and almost powerless province, attached to the eastern empire of Justinian. But this powerful monarch died, and his feeble son, Justinian II., succeeded to the throne. Another army was then sent from Constantinople, called the Lombards. They turned overtures from the barbarous fields of Italy, whose defenceless cause invited the march of their armies. Under a heroic leader, Alboin, the Lombards crossed the Julian Alps, and, with very little difficulty, became masters of the whole country except the fortresses of Rome and Ravenna.

Alboin, the Lombard king, was a man after the old of King of Italy, and partitioned out the conquered realm among his favorite captains, giving them various titles of nobility, and conferring upon them the control of the several provinces. Thus over his limited province, binding his vassal to his throne by feudal service on the payment of tribute and the obligation to furnish and arm a certain number of troops in the event of war. The Lombard King of Italy was an autocrat within his realm, unrestrained by popular or legislative rights, delighted to drink from the skull of his enemy, and to form a conspiracy against his life, and he was assassinated. One of his dukes, Clevis, a pagan, by sacrificing his children, gave promise of success, as it fell from his murdered master's hand. Italy, in such a determined grip for several centuries, when he too was assassinated in his bed, by the conspiracy of his Lombard dukes, who scattered over Italy. They were all independent of each other, and jealous of each other. While each one was ambitious of the supremacy of the whole, he was content with the power of his own province, and with the grand vengeance of all the rest. For ten years Italy continued in this state, a heterogeneous mass of petty states, held under bond of union. At last they were all threatened with the combined attack from Gaul and Greece. This rendered it absolutely necessary that a King of Northern Italy should be chosen, who was demanded a dictator, a general who should unite these circumstances the duke, and the people, met, and chose one of their number, Agilulf, who was the highest example for ability and bravery, as their king—the leader of their combined armies. The throne then passed from the Roman people and the Roman senate to the hands of the Lombard dukes.

The wisdom, the necessity of their combination, became immediately manifest. There were enemies armies, from Gaul, rushed furiously down the Alpine passes, and Agilulf, Duke Ariulf, with the concentrated forces of all the dukes, met them in battle array. The day was long and fierce, but the victory was decisive, and Italy was saved from another deluge of barbarians. Autharis, another of regal power, was chosen king, married the beautiful Theodelinda, elected Pavia for his capital. The Bishop of Rome, taking advantage of a case of consternation, and ambition, and he was so eager and so successful in his efforts to extend the spiritual power of the king was in seizing upon temporal dominion.

Autharis died suddenly, and Agilulf was nobly born. He had been a Roman Senator, and also governor of the city. These offices had enabled him to acquire enormous wealth. He had long been held all his powerful rivals by his brilliant, wealthy and able. There was a stern and unrelenting spirit between these two ambitious men, Gregory of Rome, and John of Ravenna, struggling for the spiritual dominion of the Christian world. The one represented the Latin, the other the Greek Church. Neither could conquer the other. For more than a thousand years this struggle has been carried on with spiritual ascendancy, between the Patriarch and the Pope.

Under Gregory, the Bishop were covered to the spiritual dominion of Italy, and he reached one day, he saw some beautiful British children exposed for sale. Gregory did not believe in the divine authority of the Institution of selling children. Instead of sending slave ships for more victims, he sent forth missionaries to Britain. In the course of two years he received the glad tidings that the whole island was Christianity and that more than ten thousand of the Britons had been converted to the Christian faith.

The reign of Autharis was short. The Gods were driving, and the Pope and people, who scattered over Italy. They were all independent of each other, and jealous of each other. While each one was ambitious of the supremacy of the whole, he was content with the power of his own province, and with the grand vengeance of all the rest. For ten years Italy continued in this state, a heterogeneous mass of petty states, held under bond of union. At last they were all threatened with the combined attack from Gaul and Greece. This rendered it absolutely necessary that a King of Northern Italy should be chosen, who was demanded a dictator, a general who should unite these circumstances the duke, and the people, met, and chose one of their number, Agilulf, who was the highest example for ability and bravery, as their king—the leader of their combined armies. The throne then passed from the Roman people and the Roman senate to the hands of the Lombard dukes.

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Under Gregory, the Britons

VANITEE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Out of the still and weary night
I see the morning softly rise;
But O my lonely, lonely eyes!
The world is dim without your light.

I see the young buds break and start
To tender life when frosts are o'er,
But O my cross-and-moaning heart!
No more will time or years quicken your heart.

The warm dark leaves are here are true
Comes forth with glorious wings clapsed,
But O my little pulse beats!
I see you only in the dust.

I hear the calling of the lark,
Despite the cloud, despite the rain;
But O my once-white hands! in vain
I search to find you through the dark.

When the strong whirlwind's rage is o'er,
A whisper hids the leaf rejoice;
But O my gentle, gentle voice!
Your mouth discloses me no more.

But though so sorrily my finger
This gloom that fills my life with woe,
My heart, and my feet! I know
That you are still alive and well.

Alive and well: O blissful thought!
In some sweet clime I know not where;
I only know that you are there,
And sickness, pain and death are not.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS," "VIVIAN LOCKE HEIRESS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXV.

WHY CLAUDIA WAS ALONE.

He was not all unlike Jim Hill,
He moved about the house the same,
Their hours nearly at a fall,
In mien and voice but one repeat.
Who knew as they chose, and chose
Who knew as they chose, and chose
Who knew as they chose, and chose
The fatal favor of the hour.
—COVENTRY PATMORE.

Ishmael stood transfixed to the spot,—for a moment,—and then breaking the spell with which the sound of Claudia's voice had bound him, he leaped into the hall, took her from the rack, and said to Jim, who was still in attendance there:

"Give my respects to your master and say that I have an engagement this evening that duty obliges me to withdraw. And give him my address."

"But, Mr. Ishmael, sir, you will wait for tea. Lady Vincent is here, sir, just arrived,—Miss Jim, with the affectionate freedom of a petted servant.

But Ishmael had left the hall, to keep his promise of spending the evening with Reuben and Hannah.

Claudia, standing by her father's side in the library, had also heard the sound of Ishmael's voice, as he spoke to the servant in the hall; and she suddenly ceased talking and looked as if turned to stone.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" it queried the judge, surprised at the panic into which she had been cast.

"Pray, be here!" she said.

"Who?"

"Ishmael!"

"Pshaw, make some excuse and get rid of him; I must talk to you, and you must! Him now!" she exclaimed, in a half breathless voice of ill-suppressed excitement.

The judge looked at his daughter, wistfully, candidly, for a moment, and then, as something like the truth in regard to Claudia's feelings broke upon him, he replied very gently:

"My dear, you need not meet him; and he has acted on the unannounced meeting like a gentleman. He has gone, if I mistake not."

"If you mistake not! What must be no question of this, sir! Rest and if he has not gone, tell him to go directly!"

Claudia cried.

"Oh, papa, I am nearly crazy! Go!"

The judge arose and took the hall and made the necessary inquiries.

And Jim Ishmael's message.

With this the judge returned to Claudia.

"He is gone. And now, my dear, I wish to know why it is that you are here alone? I never to my heart of such a thing as leaving you in Vincent?"

"Papa, I am nearly fainting with fatigue! Will you ring for one of the women to show Ruth my room? I suppose I have only one!" she said, throwing herself back in her chair.

"Why—no, my dear; I fancy I saw Katy out on the main avenue, and she is probably in the opposite side of the hall on this floor, tar you; I'll see."

"Anywhere, anywhere—*out of the world*," sighed Claudia, as the judge opened the door.

Jim answered it.

"Stop," said the judge; "Claudia, my dear, what relations will you take before you go up? A glass of wine? a cup of tea?" he inquired, anxiously noticing the haggard countenance and languid figure of his daughter.

"A cup of coffee, papa, if they have any; and if not, anything they can bring quickest."

"A cup of coffee for Miss Threed in one minute, ready or not ready!" was the somewhat unreasonable command of the judge.

Jim disappeared to deliver all his master's orders.

And it seemed that the coffee was ready, for he almost immediately reappeared bearing a tray with the service arranged upon it.

"Is it strong, Jim?" inquired Claudia, as she raised the cup to her lips.

"Yes, miss—as strong as my ladyship, I mean! I said poor Jim, who was excessively bothered by Claudia's cool and the changes that were ringing upon it.

The coffee must have been strong, to judge by its effects upon Claudia.

"Take it away," she said, after having drunk two cupfuls. "Papa, I feel better; and while Ruth is unpacking my clothes, I may as well sit here and tell you why, if indeed I really have very, very much to tell you. Where is Hagan, where we had intended to remain throughout this month of September. All the world seemed to know where we were and how long we intended to stay; for you see every body who usually we denominate our republican Americans worship rank and title; and how certain our respective positions to be certainly the centers of Lord and Lady Vincent," said Claudia, with that air of sarcasm and self-scorn in which she often indulged.

"Well! Lady Vincent cannot consistently find fault with that," said the judge, with a covert smile.

"Because Lady Vincent shares the folly or has shared it," said Claudia; "but Lord Vincent certainly did find fault with it: great fault; harsh greater fault than was necessary, I thought, and grumbled incessantly at our custom of neglecting routine at the hotels, and so 'American snobbery and impertinence generally,' as he said.

"Hem his impudence! Who sent for him?"

"Papa, we should have quarreled upon this subject in our honeymoon, if I had had respect enough for him to hold any controversy with him."

"Claudia!"

"Well, I cannot help it, papa! I must speak out somewhere and to some one. Where so well as here in the woods; and to whom so well as to you?"

"You have not yet told me why you are here alone. And I assure you, Claudia, that the fact

ISHMAEL VISITS AN OLD FRIEND.

"What is it that you want my dear?" inquired the judge.

"Nothing! I was taking a view of the old fogies opposite. How rude his impudence must have been then!"

"Claudia, my dear, you are unjust. I am sure I saw them last! It seems to me as if many years had passed since that time. Well, papa, I suppose Ruth has unpacked and put away my clothes by this time and we will leave you for the present."

And with a weary, listless air, Claudia left the room and turned to go up stairs.

"Ruth!" she cried, "Ruth, my dear, I told you. The rooms on this floor have been prepared for you!" said the judge, who had followed her to the door.

With a sigh Claudia turned and opened the hall and entered the "parlor-suite" on the left.

Ruth was hanging the last dresses in the wardrobe, and she was absorbed in the sweet empty trunk to take it away.

"I have left out the silver gray plaid, for you to wear this evening, if you please, my lady," said Ruth, holding the dress that lay upon the bed.

"Ruth will do, Ruth!" answered her mistress, whose thoughts were now not on dresses, but on the strange Ishmael, her lover, her friend, her wounded, bleeding and almost dying on that very bed.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Up, I am a kind hand on my brow
Some soothing dream.
Dying the dull and broken dream
Of life and all that it hath done for me
The breath of a cool voice in the forehead of me.
—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Good bye to pain and care! I take
Good bye to pain and care!
And regains that born Eleanor, I take
All sorrow and all sin for her sake.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

With every nerve, vein and artery throbbing with excitement, Ishmael left the grounds of the house that contained Claudia.

He walked with impetuous speed the thick woods existed his emotion, before he reached Woodside.

He found a tidy room, a tempting tea-table and Hannah soon weighing in welcome.

"That's my boy!" exclaimed Reuben, casting a quick and greedy look at the food that Hannah had on hoop the tea to cook a spell, 'cause I knowed you'd be disappointed in me."

"As if I ever thought you would, Ishmael! Reuben Rodney proposing things that are to fall to come true, like the raising of the sun in the East every day, or the tide, I suppose, I expects to get credit for his foresight," said Hannah, taking her seat before the steaming tea-pot, and calling upon the others to sit down.

"Well, I'm sure we have a surprise, as you set you and the judge, when you coined home from Europe," said Reuben, by way of excuse, as he began to eat alone from the cold ham.

"Yes, and of the retiral, too," questioned Ishmael.

"Why, bless you, no! Why, here you know the carriage passed right by here, and stopped to water the horses, after going on to Squire Hill's, I reckon. There was nobody to it but Mrs. Vincent—Mister my head—I mean Lord Vincent—and Miss Claudia, and she—"

"Lady Vincent, Reuben; how many times am I to remind you of that?" said Hannah, sharply.

"All right, Hannah, my dear; I'll remember next time! Ishmael, my boy, I think you got the best bargain down Ishmael! You needn't be didn't get 'em from me. Well, as I was saying, Washington as we looked out of the window, and Lord Vincent's red-poison, whatever that may be—"

"Red-pyrenean, Reuben," said his mentor.

"Well, pyre, I'll beat I know what you mean, I know nothing! Why, there sits a gentleman in a New York Country or dressed in a coat as cut as many sits!"

"Why, Reuben, surely, Uncle Reuben; but for all that, Peleide to Lord Vincent's servant," said Ishmael.

"Well, how's ever that may be, there he was a-standing of the driver. But what staggered me is, that there was'nt no Lord Vincent so where to be seen. He was among the ladies. And that was the excitement go, to ever was! A new bride a comin' home to her jes without no bride groom. And so I just send Mr. Fribble, Esquire, and he tolled me how his lordship missed the trail! What trail! And what business had he to be after the trail, when his wife was on it? That's what I want to know! And say were it's the runnerest go as ever was! Did you ever hear such a story, Ishmael, lad?"

"I chanced to overhear Lady Vincent say to Miss Claudia as she was about. That was a lie! I did not even see her ladyship."

"Well, now, that's another sum go! Didn't want to see her! And you shit friends? Ovvin! Oh! Ah—Watch that for, Hannah! I've cut trod on my toe and ground it a' most to pow-der! Ah!"

"If your foot is as soft as your head, no wonder you screech have it!" snapped Mrs. Green.

"Law, what a temper she have got, Ishmael! I said your business, meaning the affidavit deed.

Hannah had effected the diversion she intended, and soon after gave the signal for supper to leave the table. And she took great care during the meal to keep Reuben from any more allusions to the "runnerest go as ever was" and the "red-poison" that had so excited the latter.

The next morning being Monday, Ishmael accompanied Reuben in his rounds over the town of Hillton, and the great Tanglewood estate, to see the improvements. The "durrum" cow and calf and "the shank-hye" fowls received due notice. And the first ripe bunches of the "Isabella" grapes were provided in the visitor's honor.

In the afternoon they went down to the oyster banks, and amused themselves with watching how rake the oysters and load the cart.

They returned to a late tea.

It was while they were sitting out on the vine-shaded porch, enjoying their usual evening chat under the star-lit sky, that they heard the sound of approaching wheels.

And in a few moments afterwards a carriage drew up at the gate.

Reuben went out to see who was within it.

And Ishmael heard the voice of Lord Vincent, addressing him.

"Is this the best road to Tanglewood?"

"Yes, sir; I do 'spose it is. I've been told, if my can be called the best where none on 'em is good, but every one on 'em as bad as bad can be. I'm a stranger myself, sir, hereabouts."

"Drive on!" said Lord Vincent, in a fretful carriage voice and out of sight into the forest road.

After all, then, the viscount had not absconded, and had not missed the train, and But why had he missed it? That was still the mystery.

On Tuesday morning, Ishmael took leave of Hannah and Reuben, promising to stop and spend another day and night with them on his return to Washington; and mounted on a fine horse, borrowed from Reuben, with his knapsack strapped on, started for the Bureau.

It was yet early in the forenoon when he arrived at the city, and the streets were still fresh-ing sea breezes not hot.

He rode up to the house, that yet knew trusted his wake, to see Bee, blooming and happy, with youth and beauty, out on the front lawn with her younger sisters and brothers.

The good Dame Rodney sought sight of him first; and they all exclaimed at once:

"Why, here's Mr. Ishmael, Bee!" Ishmael, Bee!" and off to meet him.

Bee suddenly started to run too, but checked herself, and stood, blushing but eager, waiting until Ishmael dismounted and came to her side.

She said him with a warm, silent welcome, and Ishmael looked at her admiringly.

Yes, she was much better; she was quite well; there was no change.

Yes, I am well and happy, dearest Bee! thanks to you, and all I owe to you and the family there now; no one left but the old Bureau. Where is he? And when is Claudia and her bording expected back?" inquired Mr. Rodney, as they were all seated some one of the on-view windows.

"The judge is well. Lord and Lady Vincent are with him," replied Ishmael.

And then, in answer to their exclamations of surprise, he told all he knew of the unexpected arrival.

A luncheon of fruit, cream, cake and wine was served, and this welcome guest was pressed to partake of it.

Ishmael tasted and enjoyed all except the wine—that, faithful to his vow, he avoided, and was rewarded by a sympathetic look from Bee.

This was one of the bright days of Ishmael's life. Nowhere did he feel so much at home, so happy, as with these kind friends. They had not forty-two Sundays—fish, cakes, oysters and water-fowl forming a large portion of the bill of fare—but Reuben, freshly gathered fruits, graced the dessert. After dinner, as the evening was clear and bright, the wind fresh and the waters calm, they went for a sail down to Silver Sands, and returned by starlight.

Ishmael remained all the week at the Beacon House. It was a week of rare enjoyment to him. He passed nearly all his time with Bee and her mother and motherly companion, the children. He helped them with the lessons in the school-room in the morning; he went sailing with them in the woods, or strolling with them on the beach; and he gave himself up to the task of amusing them during the hour after the lamps was lighted that they were permitted to sit up.

At the end he was partly to his desire to be with his betrothed, and partly to his gratification of children.

About the middle of the week, on their way all ended at breakfast one morning, welcome came from Tanglewood to the Beacon—invitations to dine there the following Wednesday evening. These invitations included Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Beatrice and Ishmael.

"You will go, of course, Worth?" said Mr. Middleton.

"I am due at Brodenell Hall on Tuesday evening, and I must keep my appointment," smiled Ishmael.

"Well, I suppose that settles it, for I never knew you to break an appointment, under any sort of temptation," said Mr. Middleton.

And Bee, who well understood why, even had Ishmael's time been at his own disposal, he should not have gone to Tanglewood, silently acquiesced.

On this day Ishmael sought an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, and thoroughly, as to his present income and future prospects equally justified him in taking a wife, to for some days, not very distant, for his marriage with Bee.

But the father and mother seemed loth, in the stress through the most affectionate manner, that at least one year, if not two, must elapse before they could consent to part with their dear daughter.

Ishmael most earnestly deprecated the two years of probation, and finally compromised for one year, during which he should be permitted to correspond freely with his betrothed, and visit her at will.

With this Ishmael rested satisfied.

The remainder of the week passed delightfully to him.

Mrs. Middleton took the children off Bee's hands for a few days, to leave her to some extent alone to her lover's visit.

And every morning and afternoon Ishmael and Bee walked or rowed or sailed together, the old forest or along the pebbly beach. Sometimes they took a sail to some point on the shore. Their evenings were passed in the drawing-room with Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, and were employed in music, books and conversation.

And so the pleasant days slipped by and brought Monday, when Bee was hastily made together in the old Hutton church.

Monday was the day of the ball, and he passed it almost exclusively in the society of Bee, who was engaged to him for the evening, but left them alone in the drawing-room, that they might be in a position to receive the guests who remained invited by the procession of vehicles that passed the house, and deposited their occupants at the door.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

ISHMAEL AT BRODENELL.

Ah, what a dusk loiters about the place,
Since it hath parted from the sun!
—ROBERT BROWNING.

M. F. TUPPER.

It was a long day's ride from the house to Brodenell Hall. The greater length of the road was through the forest. It was, in fact, the same route traversed, five years before, by Reuben Rodney, when he stopped at a rural hostelry from the Hill Hat to Woodside.

Ishmael thought of that ride, as he ambled on through the leafy wilderness.

He was not stopped at a rural inn, to feed and rest his horse, and refresh himself, and an hour afterward he was overtaken by a storm of heavy rain.

It was near sunset when he came in sight of the bay and the village to which it gave the name. Ishmael looked on the world he considered the last time he had been at that village—when he had left it with Reuben Rodney, in the morning, which was carrying Claudia away from him, and had fallen in a swoon at the sight of the steamer that was to convey her off.

How many changes had taken place since then! How many events had occurred! He was a successful barrister; their love a troubled dream of the past.

He rode through Raymouth, looking left and right for the well-remembered shops and signs that had been the wonder and amusement of his childhood, and the pride and delight of his youth.

He passed a moment to gaze at Hamlin's shop, where he had bought the pencils of his boyhood; and he recalled then yesterday day Claudia had come, with walls examining Hamlin's window, staring at the books, he had first purchased for her. Then he passed the window assisted by Alfred Burghe, and finally defended from the rain by Mrs. Burghe, who was then

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it. Finally he marvelled to himself: "Not here, but there"—and turned and left the spot.

He went to the iron where he had lost his horse, remounted, and rode on his way.

Again he passed down the narrow path leading back to the broad turnpike road that wound around the brow of the hills to Bridesnell Hall.

Hereafter every part of the road was redolent of past associations.

Here often, while self-appreciated to the "Professor of Odd Jobs," he had paused up and down this road, carrying a basket of tools behind his master!

At length he came to the cross-roads, and to the turn-gate, where he had once seen and been arrested by the beautiful Countess of Harmonsonne.

He rode past this spot, and taking the lower arm of the road, entered upon the Bridesnell grounds.

A very short ride brought him to the semicircular avenue leading to the house.

It was now quite dark; but the front of the house was lighted up, holding forth, as it were, its hands in invitation and welcome.

As he rode up and dismounted, a servant came and took his horse.

And as he walked up the front steps, Mr. Bridesnell came out of the front door and holding out both hand and cordially:

"You are welcome, my dear Ishmael! I received your letter this morning, and I have been looking for you all the afternoon!"

"And I am very glad to get here at last, sir!" said Ishmael, returning the hearty pressure of his father's hands.

"Come up, my boy! Paint! go before us with the light to the room prepared for Mr. Worth," he said to a mulatto boy who was waiting in the hall.

Paint immediately led the way up-stairs to a large and airy room, whose windows overlooked the sidehill, sloweparted garden; and which latticed porch was the roof of the front door and hall.

Ishmael was consigned to the same pleasant room of his boyhood; now transformed into his bed-room. His wearied and dusty clothes were with all his heart; he was glad to be in them.

Mr. Bridesnell himself took a seat and waited and everything he was likely to want, and then he left him.

When Ishmael had changed his dress, he went below to the drawing room, and found his old father waiting. The late dinner was immediately served.

Old Jorial, who on account of his age and infirmity had been left to dispose of some of the waited on the table.

He stole wistful glances at the strange young man who was his master's guest, and who seem now or other, reminded him of a person whom he felt he ought to remember, but knew he could not.

At length Ishmael, attracted by his covert regards, looked at him in return, and in spite of his bowed and shrunken form, and thinned and whitened hair, recognized the old friend of his boyhood, and exclaimed as he arose:

"Why, Jorial, it is never you?"

"Mr. Ishmael, sir, it is, sure you!" returned the old man with a grin of joyful recognition. They shook hands, then sat down.

And old Jorial showed his increased regard for the guest by constantly proffering him vegetables, meat, poultry, pepper, salt, in short everything in succession over and over again, thereby effectually preventing Ishmael from eating his dinner, and compelling his constant attention to those offerings; until at length Mr. Bridesnell interposed in behalf of his unfortunate guest.

The next morning Mr. Bridesnell proposed to Ishmael to go out for a day's shooting. And accordingly they took their shooting-pieces, called the dogs and started for the wooded valley at above game most abundant.

They spent the day pleasantly, bagged many birds, and returned home in a late dinner; and were greatly elated on before.

What would you like to do with yourself this morning, Ishmael?" said Mr. Bridesnell, as they were seated at breakfast on Thursday.

"I wish to go in search of a valued old friend of mine, known in this neighborhood as the Professor of Odd Jobs," was the reply.

"Ah, Morris! Yes! I do not find him, I fancy, in the old place, just on the south edge of the estate," replied Mr. Bridesnell.

And when they arose from the table, the latter went out and mounted his saddle to ride to the post-office, for Harmon Bridesnell's establishment was now reduced to a single servant, all servants that he was compelled to be his own post-boy. To his pride this was not much, but two servants—old Jorial, who was gardener, coachman, and waiter, and old Phillis, his wife, who was cook, laundress, and chambermaid.

As we had mentioned in the beginning of this chapter, was scarcely to be called one, upon account of the mental imbecility that confined his usefulness to such simple duties as rendering little errands from room to room about the house.

So Mr. Bridesnell rode off to the post-office, and Ishmael walked off to the cottage occupied by Jim Morris.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE PROFESSOR OF ODD JOBS.

As author can, hasty gray fox will sit. Burns.

The little house of Jim Morris, built at the foot of the hill south of Bridesnell Hall.

Ishmael approached it from behind and walked around to the front. He opened the little wooden gate of the front bellows to it, and stood in the front door, tapping that early autumn morning, a sixteenth old man, "Jim Morris!" and reiterations and high forehead were with a thin of hair and hazel or white as wool, and respectable and venerable-looking form indeed, though the extreme neatness of his dress was very patched.

But Ishmael had to look again before he could recognize in that reverend personage the Professor of Odd Jobs.

A certainty to know whether the Professor would recognize him, Ishmael intended to appear in disguise as a stranger. As he came into the yard, however, Morris was busy and did not look up. He did not look up, bowed courteously to the supposed stranger.

"Your name is Morris, I believe," said Ishmael, by way of opening a conversation.

He did not look up, but the Professor started and gazed at his visitor, and exclaiming:

"Young Ishmael! Oh, my dear boy! how glad I am to see you! Come in before I don't!" and burst into tears.

Ishmael went straight into his entrance and the old old job man pressed the young gentleman to his breast, exclaiming:

"You know me at once, Professor," said Ishmael, affectionately.

"Know you, my boy?" burst out the old man, with enthusiasm. "Why, I knew you as soon as ever you looked at me and spoke to me. I knew you by your sweet smiling eyes and by your rich, swell voice, Young Ishmael. No one has a look and a tone like yours."

"You think so because you like me, Professor."

"And how you have grown! And they tell me that you have risen to be a great lawyer! I know it was to you to do it!" said the Professor, holding the young man off and gazing at him with all a father's pride.

"By the blessing of Heaven, I have been successful, dear old friend," said Ishmael, affectionately; "but how has it been with you, all these years?" he asked.

"How has it been with me?" Ah, young Ishmael—I should say Mr. Worth!"

"Young Ishmael, Professor."

"No, no, my Mr. Worth! I shall have you mean the less by honoring you more! And with me you are henceforth Mr. Worth!"

"As you please, Professor. But I hope it has been well with you all these years?"

"Come in, Mr. Worth, and sit down and I will tell you."

The Professor led the way into the humble dwelling, and they seated themselves, with his sanded floor, log-bottom chairs and pine tables, all of the Professor's manufacture—and its bright tinware and the snowy crockery ranged in order on its well-scrubbed shelves.

But the look of solitude struck a chill upon Ishmael's spirits.

"Where are they all, Professor?" he inquired.

"Gone, Mr. Worth," answered Morris, solemnly, as he placed a chair for his guest.

"Gone! not dead?" exclaimed Ishmael, dropping into the offered seat.

"Not all dead, but all gone," answered the Professor, and he took his place on his chair's seat Ishmael.

"Your wife?" inquired the young man.

"There—and there," answered the Professor, pointing first to one and then to the other, "lying in the earth; her soul in Heaven, I hope."

"And your daughters, Professor?" inquired Ishmael, in a voice of sympathy.

"Both married, Mr. Worth. Ann Maria married Lewis Digree, old Commodore Burghy's boy that he sent to college to learn law, and they have moved up to Washington to better their fortunes, and they're doing right well, as I hear. Mary Jane married the other William Digree. They have three children, two girls and a boy. I have never seen one of them."

"And your other daughter?"

"Peter Hall and Mr. Worthington Henry Parsons, a fine man, by trade a blacksmith, and they live in St. Ledger. They have one child, a boy. I haven't seen them either since they have been married."

"And you are quite alone?" said Ishmael, in a tender voice.

"Quite alone, Young Ishmael," answered the Professor, looking down with a countenance to call his sometime pupil Mr. Worth.

"And how is business, Professor?"

"Business has fallen off considerably; indeed I may say it has entirely ceased, sir."

"I am very sorry to hear it. How is that, Professor?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Worth, it's falling off in the matter of years, and with increasing progress, of which I cannot complain, and at which I have no complaints. It was all very well for the neighborhood when I was young and active, sir, and the times there was nothing better to be had; but now you see there are lots of regular mechanics, and gradually coming down and settling here—carpenters and stone-masons and bricklayers and plasters and plumbers and tinners and sadlers and shoe-makers, and all that sort of thing, and you might have seen their signs as you rode through the village."

"I did."

"Well, you see these mechanics, they have journeymen and apprentices with their trades at their fingers' ends, and they can do their work not only easier and quicker and better than I can, but cheaper, and I don't blame them for that, sir, and I don't complain of it, sir, and I don't blame the people for employing them, and I don't complain of it, sir, and I don't blame the people for employing them, and I don't complain of it, sir, and I don't blame the people for employing them

as to the progress of which Madaline's mamma had condescended to express entire admiration. The children were curiously employed; Ruth or Maud, studying her next day's lesson; Madaline dressing her doll; and Allan engaged in some mysterious paper-work that he found extremely fascinating with my embroidery scissors.

Mr. Hawthorne entered with a rushed letter, so large that it more resembled a package, and playfully tried to hide it with a velvet lap, said:

"From Katherine, my dear."

Mrs. Hawthorne at once broke the seal, and after a hurried glance over the many crossed pages began to read aloud. I rose to leave the room.

"Resume your seat, Miss Cameron," she said, with a royal wave of her white hand. "You may remain. Indeed I would like you to hear what very excellent letters Miss Hawthorne writes."

Accordingly I resumed my seat.

Mrs. Hawthorne again began to read; and in slow, even, measured tones read the following letter:

"MY DARLING MAMMA:—At length I get a couple of hours to myself to tell you all about Aunt Madeline's party. It was the *chef d'œuvre* of the season. Nothing but *creme de la creme*, nothing in New York except it; and if not in New York pray where can it be equaled? Everybody was there, of course; and that is why I have not had time to write you the details before, as there was nothing but the most unbounded stream of calls on Aunt Mad., Gus., and myself all the next day. Such delightful creatures! Oh dear! How shall I live out of New York? But there—that reminds me of what I am not very likely to forget, though it is still an event. It has not quite its place in my notes among the things 'of course.'

"To relieve your mind, dear mamma, before you think your poor Katie has lost her wits, I can live in New York all the rest of my life, if I like. But let the rest come in the ordinary course of narrative.

"To the party.

"If I could give you anything like a correct account of the appearance of the ball room, and supper-room! But my dull pen refuses the description.

French cooks, with accessory confidantes, were employed to perfect the latter apartment. The supper is the first topic in fashionable society. I am sure you do, my sensitive, I can't help it. The effort of that night hasn't yet passed away from me. Sometimes I think the cares of the world must have been remodeled, and the best of each taken from the rest. Mad.'s supper.

"The fashions this winter are beautiful.

"The ladies were dressed exquisitely.

"Now I know you are all impatient to know how Gussie and I looked. You should have seen us.

"I know you dearly love such descriptions, but you must hear about some others first. I reserve Gussie and myself for the last. Aunt Madaline, first, giving age its due preference, you know. Oh, if the head is surpassingly fair in the same sentence with hair! But I only see the word comparatively, for she is in the zenith of her beauty. She wore a robe of royal purple velvet, lined with white satin very long in the skirt, and sweeping behind like the train of any imperial queen when ever-so-a-duchess. Low corsage, studded with jewels, and sleeves of the richest and heaviest lace falling to the elbows. Her arms and shoulders are still as white as marble, and as smooth and polished as any pebble that ever lay on the sea-shore. Excuse me, I am not classical enough to describe that to-day—I'm old as Methuselah to-day, many curls were looped up, three by three, at the ends, and flowed all around the head like a string of magnificent pearls. The hair hung with the greatest appearance of unconsciousness and negligence, but was in reality so severely fastened that not one single thread of its glossy mass could get out of the long tie which held it.

"Her jewels were three wreaths around the head, three tiaras, twined and twisted over each other, and flashing from out the brown hair like the rarest of condensed moonbeams. Now imagine the rubies and brilliant beauty of Aunt Madeline, and the effect this style of head dress must have had, on her clear, delicate, pale, yet rich, fair face, and rich brunette complexion!

"Herbert, of course, is one of the proudest husbands in New York in consequence of his good looks. I never saw anything for so good a man to be; and his taste in dress—Oh, Mamma, I do believe a little smitten with Miss Living. I do believe a little smitten with Miss Living. Herbert, of course, thinks she appears at her best in full dress to his hosage. Isn't it strange how often these women, with all their brilliant talents, are caught by the young and boyish beauty of such as Herbert? I wish my friend Livingston is quite the rage. She is without any claims to beauty save the eyes, brilliantly white teeth, and luxuriant dark hair. Yet she has numerous admirers. She fascinates with her eyes plainness. What attraction Herbert can see in her I cannot possibly imagine. It is strange the passion he seems to have for plain women. And what do you think? He is not the Miss Livingstone resembles Miss——

Here Mrs. Hawthorne suddenly paused. A warm flush dyed her fair face; but, as it passed away, she continued:

"I would have no objection to having this talented Miss Livingstone for a friend—she has—but it is the universal report that authoresses lead their husbands dreadful lives, and I really would not wish dear Herbert unhappy.

"I have tried your patience long enough, mother mine, haven't I?

"To reward you, this is how Augusta looked.

"You know she likes to be in advance, and has coming though it is to her blonde loveliness, I am heartily tired of seeing her in white, and have entered my protest against blue in the occasion.

"What shall I say?" smiled Gus, with her pretty pout.

"Rose-color," suggested Aunt Mad.

"No, indeed; I hate it.—Go a dress, Besides, it is the hue of my cheeks,' said this vain little sister of mine, and vain little daughter of yours, mamma, as she caught a glimpse of her face in the plenipo opposite.

"'Well,' said I.

"'O yes, white of course,' she retorted, impatiently. 'Like any school-girl just out of her teens?'

"'Then,' said I, 'is your first season, my love; and, really, white is the most appropriate color.'

"'Oh dear, Aunt Madeline! It is so abominable; detestable, vulgar color, that everybody wears, from the infant in its nurse's arms to the corpse in its shroud.'

"'Well, Gussie!' It is the first, the purest, the chastest color in the world.'

"'It is no color at all, if it comes to that, Aunt Madeline.'

"'Why, Gussie, the angels wear it,' I ventured to suggest.

"'I daresay; but angels don't go to balls, and of they did, wouldn't wear white moire, or glace silk, or tarlatan, or lace—'

"'Yes, certainly, all those are very common,' I said; 'but you mustn't wear any of them. Wear something unique, something no one else will have anything like, but still be it be white.'

"'I should like to know what your "something unique, but still white," will be. However, arrange it your own way, Katie; it will save me the trouble of deciding.'

"Accordingly I took some few moments to decide what should be worn.

"All blessings on the goddess of beautiful fabrics, wherever she may be!

"The decision was made.

"Gussie wore white crape, and looked as if descended from the sky, robed in one of its most cloudy—a perfect embodiment of grace, purity and loveliness.

"The Gladstones are in town, and of course were among the guests.

"I always thought Harry the most attentive of lovers, but on this occasion I thought he was bewitched as well; and I really feared he would create much unjust estrangement. He seemed with difficulty to prevent himself from making an open reversal of his love and admiration for Gussie before the whole assembled throng.

"However, nothing of the kind occurred.

"And now, Mamma, for myself! Now for a glowing description of your peerless Katherine! Ah, I shall shock you, so I will ever with it at once.

"I wore yellow!

"I hear your horrified exclamation:

"'A yellow dress!'

"Softly, softer, my beautiful mother! I am a brunette, as you know; my eyes a brilliant black, my hair of the same color, and my entire midnight is not so thick as my hair. The lily's leaf, dipped in the purest crystal dew of heaven, and held up before the sun for its color, is not more delicate of tint. I am no affectation! The carnation's first, freshest bloom is not so bright as my cheek when I have been slumbering and blushing rudely on my couch! The color is not the only style that suits me. My arms are pearls dipped in milk more snowy than the snow itself.

"So, you see, I wore yellow.

"Not the sickly, pallid yellow, in the dandelion's blossom, or even the glad of a fine-skinned orange, in the hand of a mulatto. But the yellow, in calls of the richest quality, that looked like the golden hair and rich tresses, in the sunny, fine wife the skirt was! How it swept the waxed floor with waves of golden light! How delicately arms, and neck, and shoulders glistened against its yellow splendor! How much black lace and how many diamonds flashing out of its purplish depths!

"Why, mamma, among that assemblage of New York's beauty and fashion gentlemen were so open, and she was passing through it.

"I looked and felt like a perfect pigeon, for, floating some accident, for the Pavillion was some five feet from the floor, and I stood on the top ladder reached from the skylight, one end of it fixed to the wall, and the other to a stout table. The rarest flowers of the season were in full bloom, in all their luxuriance, beauty of color, and wealth of perfume, and they were all entwined with the sweetness of their little throats; or through the green of the luxuriant leaves and vines of the plants. There, in this Paradise stolen from the Central Park of earth, I walked—but not alone.

"Mr. Brantley was my companion, and, I believe, was very happy, with his arm around me, and he asked me to marry him; and there, with through the roof of the conservatory, I promised to do so.

"P. S. Mr. Brantley is going to write to you and papa to-day. I told him I dared to dream—a millionaire! Congratulate me, mamma, darling! There is no danger of my being left. I am to be the most beautiful bride in New York. My husband one of the richest men, and I have been kept it to the last—my diamonds will outshine the sun at my wedding.

"Adieu, mother mine. My husband-elect waits for me in the drawing-room, and I must hasten to assure you that I am forever and forever your affectionate daughter,

"KATIE.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DIRGE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Moan on, moan on, thou Ocean-wave,
Above the woman's lonely grave;
Thy moaning tells of parting-leaks,
Of hot will shrieks and sinking wrecks.—
Moan on!

Moan on, moan on, thou sea of Time,
With all thy wildering woe sublime!
Thy moaning tells thy' avenging stroke
For guilty deeds and ruthless broke.—
Moan on!

Moan on, moan on, thou homeless sea
Of God's life, called "Eternity!"
Thou hast within thine awful life
All by'it souls must ebb and flow.—
Moan on!

No! thou dost never, never moan!
That to the mortal knows alone;
But Ocean-wave and sea of Time,
With all your wildering woe sublime,
Moan on!—
Moan ye forever—moan!

FOREST ADVENTURES.—No. 36.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUBLAP.

THE LIONESS.

The coming of those men from Mouilhaize troubled me not a little. It would not do to offer open resistance to the lawless acts of the noble King; and I was doubtful about being able to escape by stratagem again. We might buy ourselves off; but I knew the grasping disposition of these fellows well enough, to know that the purchase money would more than absorb the profits of our accumulation. With these thoughts I lay awake until after midnight; but when I slept I slept soundly—so soundly that I did not awake until I was plunging to consciousness by a touch upon my arm, and a voice in my ear. I started up, and found my boy Sam close by my cot.

"Hush!" he said, placing his finger upon his lips. "Some of the villagers are outside."

I sat up, and asked him what they were.

He told me that he had been riding by the hut of Marbelle, and that a part of the time he had been within the chief's apartment. He had heard the whole plan of Marbelle's people.

"They have come with orders from their king to have you and your party seized. It has been decided that the white heroine shall not go any farther into the ivory country."

"And what does Marbelle say?" I asked.

"I think," replied Sam, "that the old fellow is sorry these men have come, for he wanted to deal with you himself; but as he yields to their demands. You are to return to-day, and a guard is to go with you from here if necessary."

This was indeed pleasant! I got up and dressed myself, and then called my companions, to whom I related what Sam had told me. Miss Gilroy was for pushing on in spite of the impediment. Harry and I felt that we could not turn if we could not compromise the matter, though we hoped that some compromise might be made. Arbour was anxious to know what terms we would submit to. For his part, he was not willing to pay away any of our ivory. He declared that he would rather fight than perform another run of subtraction on the tusks of his profits. The matter was then put to the vote, and after a long discussion, in which the views had afforded him as much of that kind of satisfaction as he could well desire.

While we were thus consulting, old Sam announced that the hostile party had actually agreed to eat the meal quickly, and await some further development before we gave ourselves any more uneasiness. The rump of hyena was then and well cooked, and our coffee was better than usual. We had just moved away from the board, and lighted our pipes, when we saw a number of the villagers rushing towards our wagons.

"*Tim! tim! Ili! Gorongoma!*" was the burden of their cry.

"Ha!" exclaimed Tickuny, leaping up, "it is a lion!"

"*A lioness!*" said Jos.

"A lioness and a whelp," added Tickuny.

"Ajo," returned Jos; "and very likely she is ugly."

By this time half a dozen of the villagers had reached our camp, and the foremost, who came directly from Marbelle, informed us that two of the hunters who went out on the previous day had been killed by a furious lioness; that the remaining members of the hunting party had returned; and that the mad beast was coming towards the village. Marbelle wished to know if the white hunters could not help to slay the monster. I mounted my horse, and rode down to the village, where I found the chief with a crowd of his strangers, before the entrance of his abode. He received me with a look in his countenance, and with a politeness twist of consciousness in his features—one that I have since found to be common in the mountains, and had come to see him on business; and then he told me of the disaster that had killed two of his best hunters, and of a great many lions which might be hunting about in the forest. Would I and my companions go out and kill them? To this request we could do in it we would. I asked to see the hunters who had brought in the unwelcome news. Four of them—and told me their story.

They said they had been attacked by the largest and most furious lioness they had ever heard of, and that two of their number had been killed. She had two whelps with her, and they believed there were one or two old lions not far from her. The place of her haunt was some two miles away, but they were not sure in approaching the village. This, also, was Marbelle's fear. He knew that where one or two lions got scent of a village, they were apt to be a deadly plague, and he was afraid at the loss of the horrible visitation.

I asked the old chief if he and his followers would go out with us.

Yes, she desired to go; but we must permit him to go in the rear.

I knew, if Marbelle went, all the rest would go; so I told him we would go out and look after the lioness, at the same time cautioning him that we would kill her if we found her. I would go back to my wagons and make preparations, and be ready to set forth within an hour. The old fellow seemed overjoyed at this, and protested that, if we followed them from the danger that threatened them, they would be our faithful friends for ever." I suppose that I was not for that the dark should not remain quite so long unpaid; but he did not understand me, and I did not stop to enlighten him.

As soon as I reached our camp I called my companions around me, and informed them of the result of my interview with Marbelle, and also gave them a hint of the plan which I had formed for our own comfort. Sam Gilroy decided at once that my plan was capital. Harry reflected a few moments, and then signified his approbation. Arbour was ready to agree to anything that Harry and I thought best, so that we clung to our property.

I knew that my servants had no sympathy with Mouilhaize or his people, and that I might trust them safely. To Jos I unfolded my plan, in the hearing of the others. My directions were these: As soon as the hunting party had got clear of the village its ears were to be re-spanned, the wagons yoked, and the teams hitched on to the wagons. I left one of my servants save my boy Dan and Flinders, and they all pounded to do their best to get the teams over the road. I told Jos and Susan to track on until I overtook them, even were it until the next morning. Arbour and Sam were to make all possible haste to the riverside, and lagoon who might remain away from the line hand, while Flinders and his two brothers pledged themselves to stand by for defence in case of need.

After these arrangements had been made, and I had sneered myself that they were perfectly understood, we who were to go in search of the lioness took our rifles and ammunition, horses, and started for the village.

Marbelle and his people were ready, with his people, to set forth, the messengers from Mouilhaize being also in for witnessing the sport. There is something exciting, even to the coward, in dangerous sport, when there is no other way; so on the present occasion those who would have fled from a lioness were eager to follow the party; and thus, as I had hoped and anticipated, the village was likely, for the time, to be entirely depopulated of its able-

bodied male defenders. Marbelle suggested to me that we would be safer on foot than on horseback; but I could not agree with him. I told him we would walk our animals to keep pace with us, and that we would ride to the spot we should leave them when we came up with the lion.

It was ten o'clock in the forenoon when we set forth, and if the prowess of our party was to be judged by its numbers we might have bid defiance to all the lions in Africa. The whole hunters who had come in with the luteiligence in the lioness in the way, and under their direction we marched on until past noon. The old chief was mounted on a mule, and rode at the head of the column. Then came I and my party. *They said they had two sons the lioness in their* path, dragging the body of one of their companions. Upon this Marbelle held up his hands in horror, and his people fell back in dismay. Our dogs quickly caught a scent and began barking, and I knew that the lair of the lioness was in there they would soon have her at bay.

Few many minutes had elapsed one of the native hunters uttered an exclamation of alarm, and hurried back from the jungle; and I lugged from his manner that he had discovered some sign of the game.

"*Tim! Tim!*" he cried.

As he spoke I heard a low, hoarse sound, not unlike the growl of the lion, but not like it. I did not think it could be the lioness: but presently the dogs set up a sharp, startled howling, and I knew that they had found something of more than common interest. Harry and I quickly dismounted, and gave our horses to the boys, and under them pitched into the cover, my boy Dan following with my rifle. Soon I heard the howling of the dogs, and close by them, in much greater agony, we as the lioness. She was baiting her tail furiously, and growling madly. She was the largest lioness I ever saw in my life, crouching there in that deep jungle, with her great yellow eyes flashing, and her mouth and tail like drawn up into angry wrinkles, and her long, sharp teeth gleaming in their bloody whiteness. I think she presented the most fearful picture of angry power that I have ever seen.

But we did not stop long to view the scene. Harry and I took the two sides of the lioness looped into the air and fell within six yards of her. I could see that she was about to spring, and when we returned to the place where we had left our horses I could hear the roar of the lion at intervals; but we soon managed to make them understand that they were not to come near us, and while they gathered around, and were on hand to see the event, we set about the work of our adventure.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JEFFERSON CITY.—A young lady, who seems to be sufficiently intelligent to understand such ordinary things, and who says the young people of Jefferson City are always at her house on evenings, and which she goes before, wants to know, 1. "If it is proper for a young lady to have a present from a man who is not engaged to him for, without being his own?" 2. "If it is customary for a young lady to accompany a gentleman to the theatre?"

1. There is a great deal of discretion," she says, "about accepting presents from gentlemen who are not engaged." Very good, then, and as it is supposed that he come to say agreement, we would like to have the young lady's opinion on the subject." Very fair question.—It is right for a young lady to allow a gentleman to whom she is not engaged to take her without buying his ears?" In a matter singular one, inasmuch as it is not customary for a young lady to allow any gentleman whom she is not engaged to take her without buying his ears. We do not think that the buying of his ears would affect the sensibility or enjoyment of the hearing; nor would it be spoil to let the young lady have her own way in the matter. If a young lady's father or some other relative, and even then, how few young men there are who would not take the chance. On the whole, we think that she parent and welfare of the community require that we should decide this question in the negative. Your last question—"Is it right for a young lady to allow a gentleman to whom she is not engaged to take her without buying his ears?" is a rather